53/2 june 15, 2000

martlet

pedestrian power

Photo by Richard Warrington

BY DAVID CROTHALL

The media's interest in suburbia has become a fad. Hollywood *(American Beauty)*, mainstream journalism *(The Vancouver Sun, etc.)*, and alternative magazines *(Adbusters, Utne)* have all blared North Americans with anti-auto and anti-suburbia spirit.

So what does this mean to the newly-wed, nearly-dead Victoria? Do we fit the mold of an ideal city that is pedestrian-oriented and healthy for the mind, or is Victoria another geography of nowhere driven by the automobile?

According to Todd Litman of the Victoria Transport Policy Institute (VTPI), auto-dependent places are easily identifiable.

Auto-centric towns have low densities, single-use development patterns, large amounts of land for parking, regulations encouraging car use, and road designs favouring the automobile.

According to these traits, Victoria is a car city – single-family cookie-cutter homes, strict parking requirements created by the local municipalities, and a lack of bike lanes.

However, Litman says despite many auto-oriented characteristics, downtown Victoria's pedestrian friendly streets are what make the city a tourist trap.

It is not the stores that attract the tourists to Wharf and Government Street, it is the street itself, says Litman. Government Street is more organic, the mall is a sterile environment.

Despite the success of Victoria's tourist haven, many other areas show that current transportation planning greatly undervalues pedestrians, says Litman.

Transportation planning rarely recognizes that every trip has a pedestrian link. The bus link, or car ride, is an interruption of a pedestrian trip, he says. "You need to walk to your car or bus, then walk from your car or bus to your final destination."

Greater Victoria transportation planners' low respect for pedestrians shows itself on our sidewalks – if your neighbourhood has any.

Most municipalities in Victoria have sidewalk requirements of a minimum width of about 1.5 metres. Considering that my shoulder width is over half a metre, it would seem that 1.5 metres would be adequate space for two people to walk side by side.

However, the required sidewalk width does not take into account obstacles such as telephone poles, benches, bus stops, power lines, and parking metres.

Often that width can be reduced to under half a metre forcing the pedestrian off their path.

While walking is often discouraged by municipalities via poor sidewalks, car use is encouraged through some zoning requirements. Parking requirements are possibly the biggest culprit.

Municipalities that create stern parking requirements are attempting to keep cars from parking on the streets, transferring the responsibility of parking onto private land.

Unfortunately, this results in more available parking spots. This makes driving easier, more affordable, and hence the preferred choice.

Ironically, the resultant car use requires more roads and additional maintenance due to the increased traffic, putting the cost back to the local taxpayer, car owner or not.

Underlying this difficult task of slapping a pass or fail label on Victoria's pedestrian environment is political fragmentation.
The endless number of municipalities translate into an endless variety of development designs.

Langford shows a dedication to serving the auto, while neglecting its social consciousness by allowing big box retailers such as Costco, Home Depot, and Great Canadian Superstore to penetrate into the CRD.

Meanwhile, downtown Victoria occasionally pisses off drivers and restaurant merchants in an attempt to accommodate the pedestrian by constructing sidewalk hubs and revamping decaying areas such as Broad Street – development steered at increasing business.

In case your mind was not completely numb from listening to the radio shout, watching the television blare, reading the advocating newspapers, car-dependency is a disease. Start walking.

Heidegger recommended the path through the woods for philosophizing.

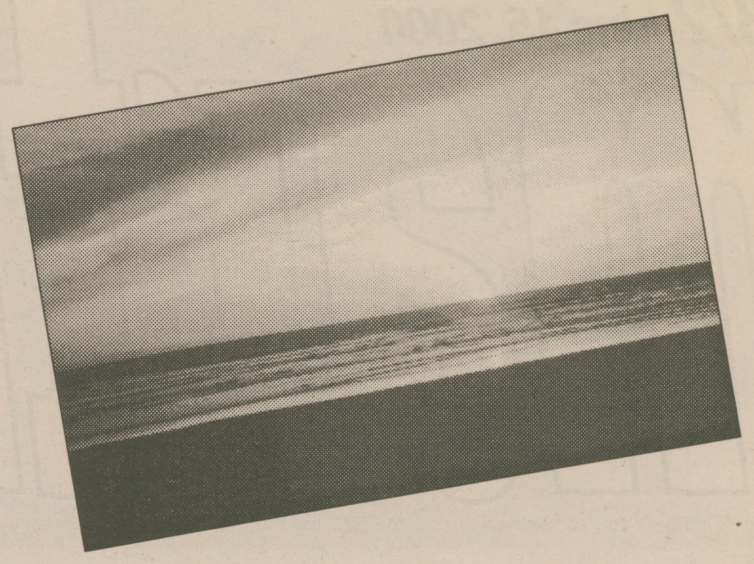
Aristotle's school was called "Peripatetic" – thinking and discoursing while walking up and down the way monks walk around their closed gardens.

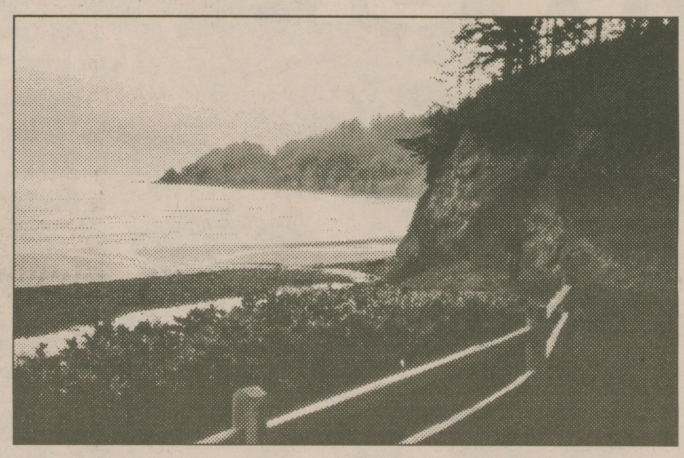
Nietzsche said that only thoughts while walking, laufenden thoughts - thoughts that run, not sitting thoughts – are of value.

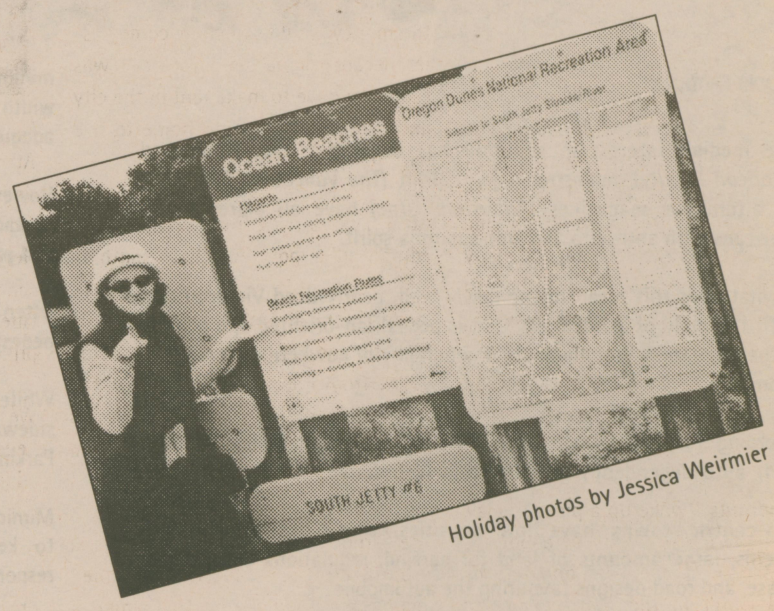
When we can maintain tension between foot and eye, we embark on a more circular, indirect approach. Foot leads eye, eye instructs foor, alternating. Walking takes on the movement of the soul because, as the great philospoher Plotinus said, the soul's motion is not direct.

- from "Preambulate to Paradise," by James Hillman in Utne Reader *Mar-Apr 2000*

Martlet photo by Richard Warrington







Holiday photos by Jessica Weirmier

An ill-planned idiotic venture: by far the best time of my life

Five years ago, a silly 21-year-old, I quit journalism school in Ottawa to travel around Western Canada, thumbing it in the dead cold winter. I grew up in the suburbs just outside Ottawa, and if you haven't lived in Ottawa before, it's like a big bank. The suburbs are Home Depot with parks and bingo halls.

I made it over to Australia in a jam-packed plane on Christmas Eve, with a return ticket, about $500 bucks, no health insurance and no visa. For all intents and purposes, it was an ill-planned idiotic venture – by far the best time of my life.

I did what all young and foolish idealists do just out of university: I worked for free on organic farms up the East Coast of the Land Of Oz. I met people like Adrienne and Ervin, and their two kids. They live in a little town called Chillingham, just outside Nimbin, an area Aussie urbanites referred to as Hippie Freaksville.

Adrienne and Erv lived on land they bought as a gutted banana farm in the 80s, toxic as all get out. An equally silly couple in the 20s, they met while studying art and architecture, fell in love, and went to Fraser Island to live naked in a tent and paint their hearts out.

The art market being what it was in the 80s, Sydney urbanites loved their Batemanesque work. To this day I think that the living naked in a tent speel would have made any middle-aged white Liberals living the corporate high life feel sexy. The paintings were a metaphor for lives lived with passion.

That's what travel is all about. Remembering travels in Europe and the Middle East, Ben Isitt writes, "To me, travel is about surrendering yourself to the blissful life of the nomad – rejecting the familiar and comfortable in favour of adventure, discovery and the unknown." Up to his eyeballs in school, he yearns for those carefree days, for the chance to drink booze and eat olives on a park bench in Bulgaria. Life is an interesting trick isn't it? All these days we spend constructing order to guard against the chaos. But the order gets stale pretty quick.

The true magic of Erv and Adrienne is that they didn't sell out. They're still living in the homes they built themselves, modeled after huts in the South Pacific islands. They've regenerated their land with native trees.

Their home is entirely solar-powered. They practice permaculture. Their kids go to alternative schools. Their nine-year-old son Louis once guided me on a walk through subtropical rain forest, naming every bit of flora and fauna he knew, giving both their English and Latinate titles.

Their sub-tropical solar design company is thriving. They've put ideals into action with staying power.

I got an e-mail for Erv last week. The kids are growing up fast. Adrienne is writing a book. It's really hot in Oz. He's itching to peel some layers and head for the island. Here's to chaos.

- Gillian Jerome

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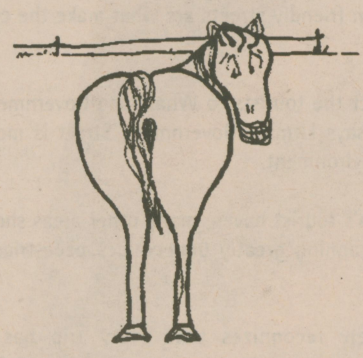

the Martlet needs artists:

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Come see us in SUB B011 or email martlet@uvic.ca

riversick

There's no shame in floating with the current. Swimming against it isn't always worthwhile.

BY SPENCER MAYBEE

Current. It's a metaphor.

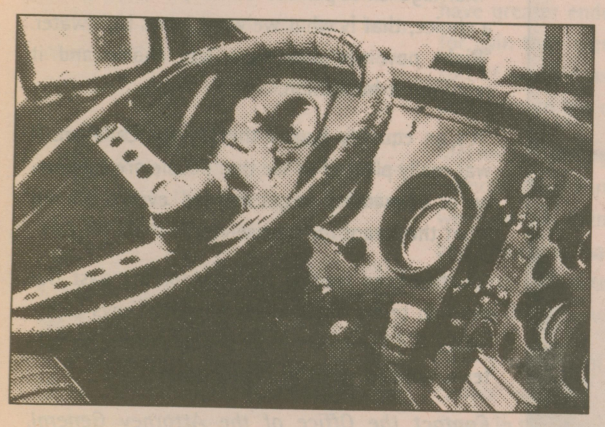
It's the pressure that gets you out to the pub when you know you have to finish your assignment. It's the feeling that keeps you on the highway, windows up, foot down, when you want to stop and take a picture of the rusted Ford Fairlane with the kicked-in headlights in the roadside garage outside of Ashcroft. It's the resolution to wait tables when you're sick of the service industry and want to start working in the field you've been going to school for. It's what makes kids who want to be astronauts grow up to be accountants.

There's no shame in floating with the current. Swimming against it isn't always worthwhile.

Some people, born with the gift of foresight, can see ahead, downstream, to where they want to go, and can use the current to get them there. Almost everyone spends some time adrift in it, either unable to see where they want to go, or able to see it, but doubtful of their power to get there. You get comfortable in the mainstream. The rocks are smoothest there; you move fastest there.

The mainstream isn't a metaphor for Hollywood movies and Pilsbury Pizza Pops. It's a metaphor for the things you do because they're easy or they're habit or they're what someone told you to do. It could be tree-planting for one season, one contract, one day too many – it was for me – but it could be any shit job that isn't taking you anywhere closer to where you want to be, but you stay at anyway. It's any decision made to please someone other than yourself.

One morning I wake up a piece of clay, slipping from the centre of a potter's wheel to the edge, looking down at the muddy water in the pan, everything spinning. I'm in a truck on a muddy logging road, fishtailing out of control near the edge of a steep riverbank that descends 30 feet into the Nordegg. We're so close to losing it, but I can still fall back to sleep, because I've surrendered, at least for the time being. A hand other than mine will shape the moment. I'm on a river of mud.



How did I get here and why?

Some kids wake up, 15, on the main street in Wawa or Hornepayne, Whitecourt or Drayton Valley, any mill town from the Laurentians to the Queen Charlotte's, and a truck-load of sweating, stinking assholes, who are the kind of dirty that just doesn't come clean, pulls up with five words that snap you off the levy that is as high as your parents built it, and put you to swimming: "Hey kid! Want a job?"

For me it wasn't that dramatic. My cousin got me the job and I signed up.

Tree-planting for my first summer was a challenge of mind, body and all that other stuff you hear about from your friends that have done it. My second summer was a failure on my part to try something new.

My first year I planted for tuition. I skipped out on co-op to come back and plant a second summer, thinking the money would somehow come easier because I wasn't a rookie. I was scared to have to make rent in the city and I didn't want to go home to live with my parents.

At 11 p.m. I arrived from Victoria at the Edmonton airport, which is south of Edmonton in Leduc. A year ago I'd landed in the afternoon with my cousin Shamus and we got a ride to Drayton Valley from a guy who worked on the wellsites. This time it was dark, I was alone and I knew what to expect from the next few months.

The airport was closing down and a ground traffic supervisor named Joanne gave me a ride to Calmar, a small town 15 kilometres west. We talked small for a while and Joanne told me about her job.

She said she was glad to be working on the happy floor, because the last four months on the sad floor were taking their toll. "Arrivals is always better than Departures." She said sometimes people cry when you ask "Business or pleasure?" because it isn't fair to grief to call it one or the other. It was midnight when she let me out of her car across from the all-night Esso station in Calmar.

Calmar is on highway 39, which runs west to its terminus at Drayton Valley. My crew would assemble there, in front of the Drayton Valley Hotel (DVH), the following morning at nine.

I stood across from the Esso station with my thumb out, watching my breath beat west on the cold wind. The lady behind the counter at the Esso station gave me free coffee to help keep me warm. Behind me, a windowless strip mall with a Chinese restaurant and a small farming machinery dealership echoed back the steel-belt hum from the passing cars and trucks.

At 2:30 a PeBen truck hauling pipe to the wellsites shuddered to the shoulder a few metres down the road. Wes, the driver, waved me into the cab, told me not to tell anyone who picked me up, or that it was a PeBen truck, 'cause he could lose his job. He helped me lift my pack and duffel into the cabin.

Wes took me all the way into Drayton. It was about four when I bundled up on the bench in the park across from the DVH, but I couldn't sleep for anticipation of the sunrise.

At nine the trucks and vans and two-door hatchbacks swirled into the parking-lot like a circle of covered wagons. Here were my gypsy comrades: hobos, scholars, musicians, dealers, ski-bums, Quebécois woodsmen and Ontario princesses.

We pitched our gear into the truck-beds and slept hunched against the windows, the sun flowing like rye over our skin, a current of warm coercion.

The hum of the tires on the asphalt dropped to a growl when the road turned to dirt near the reservoir. Behind us a giant rooster-tail of dust kicked up at the storm clouds. We pulled into a field, hauled our bags off the tailgate and stalked the perimeter for a clearing flat enough to make a home.

The tents came up. The sun went down. Every morning for a month, we walked the cold walk to the mess tent, slept the warm sleep in the trucks and, on the block, did the same thing a thousand plus times a day for a thousand plus different reasons.

The planting camp was like a summer purgatory: everyone was a work in progress. "Finishing my degree in... Going traveling in... Saving for some property in..." Biding time to do what we want. A necessary evil for most: a summer cash cow, tuition, lift-tickets, plane tickets, soup-and-crackers.

There were the lifers, who just seemed to keep coming back, summer after summer, until mornings we would pass stands of trees, large enough to make shade, that they'd planted in their first year.

The weather was with us for the first few weeks. We were only snowed out once. The cool air kept me moving faster to stay warm. Gorp and a few sammies for lunch. Kak, duff and schnarb the rest of the time. We planted plugs with monikers like Donkey-Dicks and Coke-Cans. We wiped our asses with everything from standard shit-tickets to sacrificial shirt pockets. The ends of the days came the same as always – soft and overdue.

The contract ended only a week later than expected. Our crew of 60 was scattered over Alberta to contracts in Fort McMurray and Peace River, Blairmore and Hinton. I went to the latter, one of few from our crew, to plant with a crew from Ontario who'd come west for better tree-prices and creamier land. The first few days were helicopter blocks. The Ontario crew was put off by the stricter quality standards, but loved the nine-cent trees. In my first year I planted ten-cent trees.

I was away from my cushy berth in Drayton, where I knew everybody and knew the land. I got a postcard from my cousin Shamus, who went to plant with a different crew in the B.C. Interior with hopes of better cash. He got dysentery or Beaver Fever.

He went to the hospital in Smithers to get diagnosed. As he was walking down the street, away from the hospital, a car pulled up beside him. A friend of mine, Rolf, was on a co-op term in Smithers. The shaggy-headed reporter for the Telkwa News recognized Shamus from a party or a reading somewhere and leaned across the passenger seat. "Are you Spencer's cousin?"

Photos by Spencer Maybee

Shamus was vague in his postcard, but I gathered from the rest that he spent the next few days in Rolf's bathroom, painting the town brown.

In the morning I planted two bag-ups, then sat down at the tree-cache and read 72 pages of *In the Skin of a Lion*. It was about Toronto, where my family lives. My mom's birthday was in a few days on Canada Day. My Oma was visiting from the Netherlands. My brother was back from a tour in Bosnia and I hadn't seen him in almost a year and a half.

The next day I took off work. My boss told me she'd like to have me, but if I was taking a day off at the beginning of the contract – on a heli-block no less – that I ought to think about whether or not I should be planting. I told her I was.

I wanted to read. I wanted to write. I'd been reading Jack London, and decided that like him, I would refuse to use my body to make my living.

I packed my bags and jumped a ride to Jasper. I was swimming for the east branch of the river. I was swimming east anyway. I got a ride into Calgary from a young family, Sherry, Tek and their baby daughter, from Calgary to Winnipeg with a Brazilian truck driver named Helmuth.

When Helmuth let me off in Winnipeg, he asked me if I wanted to crash on his floor. I declined. He offered me $20 to buy something to eat and I declined that too. I thanked him, went into the Husky station, ordered a grilled cheese sammy and fell asleep. When I woke, the cook told me that she'd bought my meal for me. The early morning light rained down in mist on the highway.

I slept in rides when I could. I walked backwards with my thumb out carrying a sign that read "Toronto or Bust." My hair was unkempt, the crotch in my army pants duct-taped together, the shoulders of my beige shirt brown with ground-in dirt. A gay school principal drove me from Winnipeg to Falcon Lake, another truck driver from Falcon Lake to Thunder Bay. I made Nipigon that night, dead on my feet.

Getting a ride in Ontario was like getting a mare pregnant with a gelding – fruitless at best. Stranded in Nipigon, standing at the roadside, I began to nod off onto the highway. I bought a bus ticket at the Husky station and slept all the way to Espanola.

That evening, my mom's birthday, I was in Toronto, sleeping in the guest room in my parents' house. I finished my book. Filled a journal. The next day my step-dad asked me when I was getting a job.

I took a job bussing tables at the restaurant I used to work at in Queen's Quay, looking out at the Toronto Islands. On my breaks I sat on the dock and waited for September, looking over at Hanlan's Point, Center Island, sediment deposited by the filthy Don.

Activists teach peaceful protest in Calgary

BY GILLIAN JEROME

It's packed at the Thin Edge of the Wedge in Fernwood, standing room only. The girls are filing in from a ball game. Ruben's calling out "Calzone!" from behind the counter. A pack of kids streak across the room and out into the street.

I've come to meet local activists Kathryn Saunders and Kim Toombs but it's going to be a while before we chat. Both women are surrounded with friends and supporters giving them advice and wishing them well the night before their trip to the 16th World Petroleum Congress in Calgary.

You'll never be successful in telling people you can't buy a sports utility vehicle.

An older man in a dress shirt and chinos takes Kim's hand and wishes her safety. A middle-aged woman passes on a family phone number for a place to stay.

The same friendly atmosphere is expected in Calgary this week where police are gearing up against the protest tactics planned by activists arriving from across the country.

Local activists calling themselves the Firebrand Co-operative are heading out by car to teach civil disobedience tactics to the hundreds of protesters expected from across the country.

So what brings these local gals into a busy café to talk about peace and anarchy and the next stop on Toombs' protesting tour after Washington DC.?

Toombs became an anarchist after leaving Calgary. The Fernwood resident and youth worker says she's going back in peace to try to raise awareness in a town she used to call home.

"I grew up surviving on this industry. A lot of people made a living directly off the industry whether it was working at the local Husky station or out in the oil patch building pipe lines doing hard labour. Our intent isn't to condemn people for their survival. In a way, the bigger battle for me is to sit down with an aunt or an uncle and take a look at the impact."

The impact is what has concerned folks across the country up in arms. Global warming caused by CO_2 emissions from oil, gas and coal wreaks havoc with weather, water and air temperatures, forests and glaciers. It also has the capacity to impact big time on the spread of disease.

Something has to give. Economists have expressed alarm about the decreasing oil supplies the world over. But UVic climate expert Andrew Weaver says economists have been saying that since the 70s, and yet new oil supplies are being found every day around the globe.

"They may have found all there is to find in Saudi Arabia, but there's oil everywhere... The Arctic is an example of a relatively unexplored area. They just found a bunch in Hibernia and in the British North Sea."

Weaver knows the alternate energy debate is a tough sell. Regardless of the direct relationship between an increase in atmospheric CO_2 in the 21st century and the production of fossil fuels, the demand for oil and natural gas for heating, electricity and transportation makes it tough indeed.

Weaver advocates tax incentives to kick start a new energy economy.

"You'll never be successful in telling people you can't buy a sports utility vehicle," says Weaver. But you can charge people more for using a vehicle that burns more gas per mile, and give incentives to those with more efficient mileage.

Oil and gas companies get tax credits for exploration. They also get government subsidies. Weaver says the same incentives must be awarded to companies providing cleaner energy sources like geo-thermal, hydro, solar, wind, tidal or bio mass.

"There's no reason why there aren't solar cells on roofs all over Victoria. Other than it's expensive to produce."

Toombs says that if they could afford a car powered by canola oil, they'd buy it and drive it. Otherwise, they're packing ten people into two cars to make the 1100 km trip.

Organized by e-mail and word of mouth, the ten Fernwood activists have traveled to Cowtown for a week. Three of them taught civil disobedience to striking Calgary Herald employees at the end of April.

Saunders and Toombs say it's worth taking time away from jobs, missing partners, and risking being thrown in jail.

Saunders points to what Shell did to Nigeria's indigenous Ogoni people. (Shell is accused of overriding their rights and being complicit in the

In a way, the bigger battle for me is to sit down with an aunt or an uncle and take a look at the impact.

1995 hanging of Ogoni activist Dr. Ken Saro-Wiwa.)

"It's a choice we make and we're not risking much in comparison," says Toombs.

"That's where it really hits me," she says. "No matter how traumatic Seattle was, I'm not getting shot and killed. So when the chance to go to Calgary comes up, I think I should be fucking out there."

When asked if they believe their actions will generate change, or whether they're merely puppets of a state that some argue creates an ineffective counterculture, Saunders is quick to respond.

"How many people knew about the IMF and the World Bank before this year's protests? We're bringing attention to the issues, we're trying to get information out about how these huge monopolistic forces are governing people's lives."

"We're a stateless culture. Corporations are the true government."

It takes time and energy to fight the good fight when most of us would rather suck back another latté and drive to Sombrio for the weekend. Are both women natural-born activists?

"It fucked with my life for a while," says Toombs who works part-time for a youth empowerment project at a local NGO.

"But I need to find a place in my life where values and work fit together and it's happening. But it's been a real struggle for a long time."

"It's about autonomy," says Saunders. "The opportunities that come up are way more fulfilling than if I didn't do what I believe in."

When asked about the hypocrisy of driving to the conference, Toombs says alternative means such as solar-powered vehicles would be ideal. With government subsidies to oil giants, it's tough to envision canola-powered putt-putts. For now, they're piling everyone into two cars and getting ready to stand guard against police arsenals and rowdy cowboys.

For more info about the oil industry see: www.cooltheplanet.org and www.ozone.org

www.mole.org/ProjectUnderground/motherlode/drilling/ecosystems.html.

It's a nice day for a queer wedding

BY KRISTEN ELDER

"In a modern society there is no justification for denying same sex couples the same option to form marital bonds as are afforded to opposite sex couples."

- BC Attorney General Andrew Petter

The likelihood that Cynthia Callahan and Judy Lightwater can be legally married in BC seems more probable after Attorney General Andrew Petter issued a statement supporting marriage for same-sex couples.

This is the first time a Canadian government has ever expressed the view that same-sex couples should have an equal right to marry.

Petter's statement, which requests that the federal government issue legislation to ensure same-sex couples can marry, was announced May 26 after the couple applied for a marriage license at the Provincial Vital Statistics office here in Victoria.

Citing the rejection that many other same-sex applicants have experienced, Callahan, a B.C. board member for Equality for Gays and Lesbians Everywhere (EGALE), says that they expected to be turned down. She called ahead to request that the office provide written reasons.

They were overwhelmed when the B.C. Executive Director of Vital Statistics deferred his decision in order to ask for a legal opinion from the Ministry of the Attorney General.

"We were surprised," says Callahan. "The director said that it was the first time they have ever deferred a decision."

Emphasizing the issue of fairness for all, Petter's statement stipulates that the Supreme Court of Canada's ruling holds that equality rights under section 15 of the Charter protect against discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation.

The Attorney General of B.C. also called upon the federal government, which is constitutionally responsible for questions of capacity to marry, to "resolve the matter by clarifying its legislation and offering same-sex couples the same opportunity to marry as is available to heterosexual couples."

"When I heard Andrew Petter's speech, I cried," said Cynthia Callahan. "It's so wonderful to hear that our government is behind us. Support for our right to marry is consistent with the long-time commitment of the B.C. Government to equality for gays and lesbians."

"We are delighted that British Columbia is considering the possibility of issuing a marriage license," said Cynthia Petersen, legal counsel for EGALE.

"EGALE will be forwarding legal submissions to the Attorney General's office as soon as possible, and we urge the Government to do the right thing and respect the constitutional guarantee of equality for all Canadians."

Callahan and Lightwater will find out in the next couple of weeks whether or not their application will be approved. They plan to go ahead with their wedding no matter what the decision is.

Lightwater says that they haven't had any negative responses to their plan to wed. "It's not just us, I believe most Canadians think that same-sex couples should have equal rights."

Recent federal legislation, Bill C-23, grants same-sex couples common-law status if they co-habitate for a year, but doesn't legalize same-sex marriage.

Callahan says that they don't plan to live together, and points out that marriage doesn't require that a couple live together.

photo provided

"Right now we don't have a choice, because in order to be recognized as a legitimate couple by the state, we have to live together. That's where it gets discriminatory," says Callahan.

EGALE's executive director John Fisher says that Callahan and Lightwater's application is part of an increasing national call for full legal equality for same-sex relationships.

According to Fisher, numerous same-sex couples across the country are also fighting for recognition of their right to marry. In Québec, Michael Hendricks and Renee LeBoeuf are challenging the denial of their application for a marriage license. The City of Toronto is waiting to hear from the Ontario Courts as to whether Michael Stark and Michael Leshner can be issued a marriage license.

"Marriage is not perfect for everyone, but to have a choice, that is what we want," says Lightwater. "Right now we only have one choice and it requires co-habitation."

"It's an equality issue I think," says Callahan. "I was really pleased to see that people are supportive of us wanting to get married, even if it's not what they want for themselves."

"BC has been leading the way for the past five years in terms of same-sex equality," says Lightwater. "I'd like to see more people writing to Petter to support what he is proposing."

Contact the Office of the Attorney General, Andrew Petter, (250) 387-1866, fax (250) 387-6411. You can mail your support to PO Box 9044 Station Prov. Govnt, Victoria, BC, V8W 9E2. Try the e-mail route at http: www.ag.gov.bc.ca /contacts/emailag.htm.

The importance of putting travel into words

BY TASHA MARSDEN

When I was 12, I put into words the uncomfortable feeling of leaving Hometown, B.C., for southern California. After my parents dumped me at my aunt's house (so they could find a place to live), every feeling of desertion worked its way onto the page with bubbly letters and simple language.

Reading those words now, I touch a time when I used writing as a therapeutic channel for the things I did not understand about the world. Through writing, the memory of being a lonely adolescent becomes so much more tangible for me today.

In unfamiliar territory, it is natural for us to process and document our experiences on the page. These words can stay hidden away as secret testament as easily as they can be used to create an experiential guide for others.

UVic history professor Patricia Roy said that historians should approach travel diaries with care, as they often tell "more about the observer than the observed."

"Sometimes, one is lucky enough to have several observations of the same situation from different sources and, in that case, the historian can compare and contrast and weigh the evidence."

Document

Pym Nevins Compton of England arrived at Esquimalt on January 30, 1859. As a purser of the Hudson's Bay Company steamer Labouchere, Compton was to keep a personal account of what he saw.

The Governor of Vancouver Island had commissioned the construction of the vessel for the purpose of navigating river and creeks through which larger boats could not go.

Through the course of his journeys, Compton kept a handwritten log of his observations. He wrote about the interactions between the crew , the coastal geographies and many of the Aboriginal peoples of British Columbia.

The texts act as cultural artifacts, putting to words the often racist reactions of our earliest colonizers.

He describes Aboriginal peoples in terms of their "natural characteristics, horrible practises and . . . the undeveloped good in civilized man."

One of these such practises was the binding of infant heads, thereby altering the shape of the forming skull.

Compton's record now rests in the British Columbia Archives, a collection of textual, visual, genealogical and cartographic records.

"... Thus the head being unable to expand laterally grows perpendicularly [sic] & forms the elongated or sugar loaf form of head & in one head of a Kouskeemo woman which was measured the length from the chin to the apex of the head was found to be 22 inches.

"This strange distortion of the natural shape does not appear at all to interfere with the intellectual faculties, as far as I can find out, though the Kouskeemo and Quatseenough Indians, seem to be a particularly mild and inoffensive race and about the best Indians to live amongst I have come across; but I suspect a good deal of this arises from their having had less intercourse with the whites than most other tribes."

Escape

Paul Parker, a UVic sociology graduate, started jotting down his thoughts while travelling to Kampala and Mbale in Uganda earlier this year. He volunteered with the Institute of Public Administration Canada in an effort to redevelop the information systems of local governments.

While in the Mbale District of Uganda Paul Parker's writing became a constant stream of impressions.

Photo by Paul Parker

His writings soon became a constant stream of impressions. In the process, he used the writing as a celebration of the atmosphere around him.

"I feel that my muse is constantly under siege," said Parker. "Bureaucratic principles deem it necessary to 'deflower' my language, my formats and expression, making it more ingestible but not palatable."

Excerpts from Parker's journal have been included in his online magazine - "discursive" - in an attempt to disseminate his thoughts to a wider audience.

"Once in the rural area, the people (yes, children with distended bellies, bare feet, small herds of cattle, water pumps and torn clothing, broken shoes, all things considered poverty in North America, all things Sally Struthers) but there was so much. Vast fields of Matooke, chickens, small markets and incredible faces and bodies.

[I tried to speak with a boy-man but he did not know English and I could not speak the vernacular. His hand was not large, but thick, strong and young; calloused and soft. I felt ridiculous because I could not even say hello to him]."

Emotion

Heather Ramsay stole a moment away in the Walbran to enjoy the splendour of the area she was researching. As a member of the Forest Guardians - an ecological inventory of Vancouver Island's Walbran Valley - she hiked into the area with other volunteers from the Western Canada Wilderness Committee.

She said that although activists and environmentalists effectively get their information through communicative media like e-mail and listservs, many other concerned citizens are never mobilized around issues because they have not received the message in a manner that appeals to an emotional core inside.

"They may be less likely to go out to the Walbran to really feel why ancient forests such as these need to be managed in an entirely different way."

Through her work as a human rights advocate and eco-activist, she has travelled to Chiapas and El Salvador. A selection from her writings in Chiapas will be included in "Creekstones: Words and Images" from Creekstone Press in Smithers.

UVic video helps home-support campaign

BY TOM HOWELL

This is the way we begin the day:
(1) Wake up.
(2) Get out of bed.
(3) Pee, shower, brush teeth.
(4) Make breakfast, eat it.
(5) Enter the outside world.
Perhaps this doesn't apply to you. We all have different habits. Perhaps you eat first, then brush your teeth, do the sun salutations and sprint off to check your e-mail.

Perhaps your day begins like this:
(1) Wake up.
(2) Wait for home support.
If you need to be lifted out of bed in the morning, if your life beyond the four walls of your bedroom relies on receiving help from a home support worker, then you probably share the anger aroused by the B.C. government's cuts to support for people with disabilities.

You might think it's time to give the government a wake-up call.

"They're going for us because it's the line of least resistance," said Joanne Neubauer of the Action Committee of People with Disabilities. She spoke during a panel discussion at UVic last month, after the launch of "Beyond Four Walls," a documentary video based on research led by a UVic professor.

Dr. Kari Krogh teamed up with the Victoria-based Home Support Action Group (HSAG) to tell real-life stories of people who need publicly-funded home support services.

One of those people was C-Jaye Coleman, who thinks the battle for good home support provision should be won by now. "It shouldn't be something we're still fighting for," she said on the video. "It should just be there."

UVic will hand the video over to HSAG for use in its education and advocacy campaign.

HSAG wants funding for home support restored to 1994 levels. The group sees the cuts as a human rights issue, and demands an appeal system for people who have their allotted hours of home support reduced.

The person in charge of cutting costs is Brenda Marin-Link, the regional director of the community health program for the Capital Health Region (CHR). She said that personal care services like helping someone get out of bed or go to the toilet will not be affected by the cuts. Instead, housecleaning and meal preparation services have stopped.

People with disabilities are currently undergoing re-assessment interviews. They will only receive enough hours-per-week of home support to cover the basics deemed necessary to keep them out of hospital.

"Am I going to balance the budget? I have to," said Marin-Link. "By the time I get to housecleaning, I don't have any money left."

Home-support costs in the CHR have traditionally increased by six per cent each year, but funding hasn't kept pace since 1996. (Some service-cutting began in 1994.)

That means the CHR must constantly reduce costs to keep to its $30 million budget for home support. That means fewer hours of home support.

Advocates for home support dispute Marin-Link's claim that cuts only affect housecleaning and meals, arguing that any reduction in the hours of home support provided each week will affect personal care too.

The housecleaning and meal work may fall to unpaid family members, or to contractors such as Meals-on-Wheels, with the bills going to the people with disabilities, many of whom live near or below the poverty line.

HSAG member Gordon Argyle suggested that the work may just not get done – some people won't clean or eat – leading to more health problems that could land people back in hospital.

With a cash-strapped CHR, a provincial government keen to balance its next budget and a federal government reluctant to increase payments to provinces, HSAG and other action groups in B.C. are battling to prove that the "line of least resistance" needs more support, not more cutbacks.

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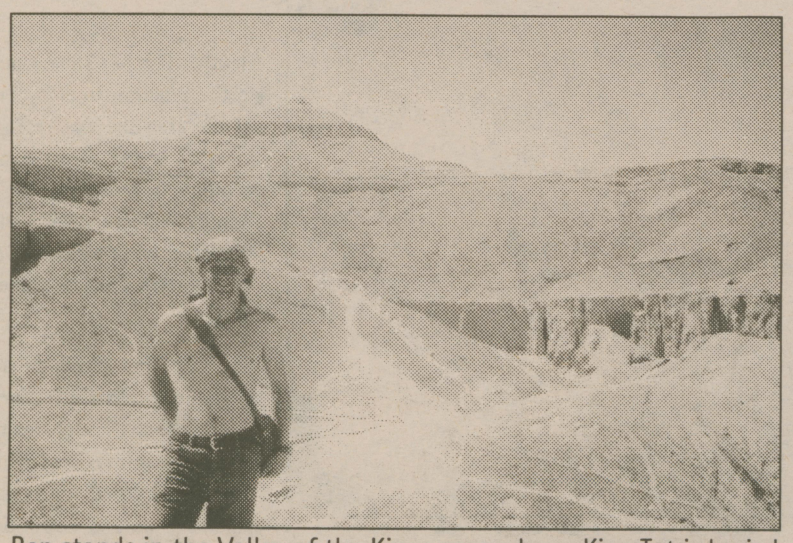
Being in the mome

A word or two about travel



Ben stands in the Valley of the Kings near where King Tut is buried in Luxor Egypt.

photo contributed

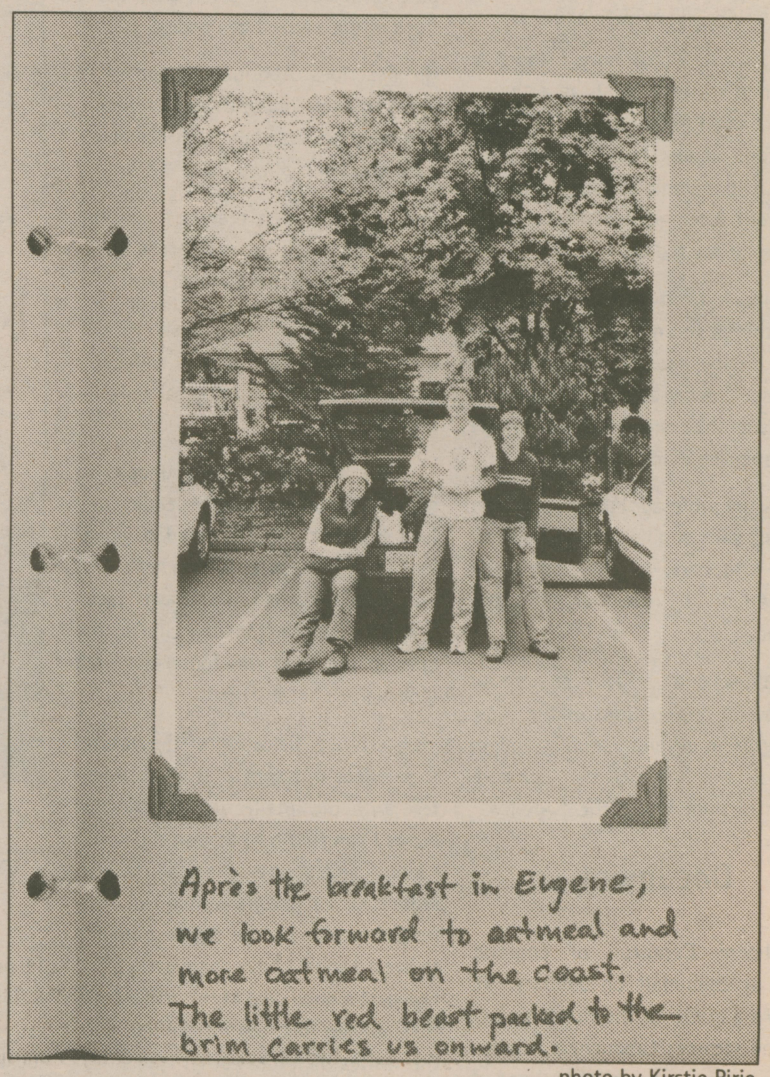

Après the breakfast in Eugene,
we look forward to oatmeal and
more oatmeal on the coast.
The little red beast packed to the
brim carries us onward.

photo by Kirstie Pirie

49 buses, 68 trains, 11 boats and 4 planes

BY BEN ISITT

Travel is about surrendering yourself to the blissful life of the nomad - rejecting the familiar and comfortable in favour of adventure, discovery, and the unknown.

I travelled on 49 buses, 68 trains, 11 boats and four planes over the course of my seven month journey in the fall and winter of 1997 and 1998.

From Karl Marx's tomb in London's aging Highgate cemetery to the Great Pyramid of Cheops on the bustling outskirts of Cairo, I tried to see all I could.

Two Nazi death camps - Auschwitz and Dachau - brought the history I had learned in Clearihue the year before painfully close to home. A few months of gardening and banana picking on a kibbutz in northern Israel gave me a glimpse into the complex blend of socialism and colonialism that emerged in that rugged, contested land.

I saw the Pope speak from his apartment window in Rome and I watched the Queen get the keys to her palace in Edinburgh. I even attended a free Bon Jovi concert on May Day 1998 (courtesy of the Communist Party of Italy), but missed the main act when I ran to get a bite to eat.

I explored battlefields from the Golan Heights and Gallipoli to those in Belgium's Flanders province on the bloody Western Front. I touched a surviving section of the Berlin Wall and summitted biblical Mount Sinai.

I spent a night drinking booze and eating black olives on a park bench in Bulgaria. It was December. As dawn broke the next morning, I bought a pack of cigarettes for 18 cents and three shots of espresso at a nickel a piece to thaw myself out.

Two years later, my travels are reduced to these frozen snapshots in time. I can remember a lot - some of it extremely vividly - but it seems almost surreal.

I once said that I would like to backpack every continent on Earth before settling down. The more distant my memories of nomadic life become, the less likely it seems that I will succeed in that goal.

But I will hit the road again some day, even if I have to wait a while.

Exploring Oregon

BY JESSICA WEIRMIER

The first rule when visiting an Oregon beach is: "discharging firearms prohibited." The second, third, fourth and fifth rules don't matter – just keep your guns off the beach.

We spent that first night at Siltcoos park where my travel pal Kirstie and I learned first hand about Oregon's sand dune subculture. Oversized campers and four-wheel motorbikes swamped my little lift-back Toyota Corolla. We parked in an isolated corner of the parking lot, quietly set up the tent, ate our bagels and made tea, trying as unobtrusive as possible.

We spent as little time possible at the site before bedtime, preferring to wander along the small strip of beach prohibited to the dune buggies. We shared this small patch of sand with a Bald Eagle and Oregon's endangered Snowy Plovers.

With the sun long gone and countless stars counted, Kirstie and I returned to the tent and crawled into our sleeping bags. Surprisingly, the entire campsite was quiet.

It all changed soon after we'd fallen asleep. Cars and monster-sized trucks circled the campsite, finally choosing our quiet corner for their midnight pickup party.

We opened the tent's window flap and watched the biggest pickup I've ever seen dwarf my red Toyota. Even the four-wheeled dirt bike on the back of the pickup loomed threateningly over little red Corry. Men and women poured out of the vehicles calling out, "Hey, who brought the 12-pack?" "Where's my beer?" "I gotta take a piss."

Throughout the night, men relieved themselves of beer-laden pee near our tent. I'm still not sure that Corry escaped their high-pressure urine jet streams.

Curfews and cars in Colombia

BY DAVID BROWN

Ever since we left home and came to Colombia, I have had trouble fitting in. I don't speak the same language as all but one of my friends, and they hate speaking English.

I no longer have the freedom to walk to the corner store, or even take the bus. Instead we have a driver. I don't mind though.

Our driver's name is Leonardo. We don't understand each other very much because he speaks no English at all and I'm still struggling with Spanish. But we take turns using the bilingual dictionary and acting things out. I would say he is my friend but I sense a hidden hostility in him. Something I cannot comprehend.

The city unfurls around me as I sit behind glass and locked doors. An interesting perspective. No one likes to admit that he's really a bodyguard, an escolta like they say in Spanish, but I suppose it's nice to pretend we don't need one.

My friends at school all think it's ridiculous but the company says it's dangerous here.

I think they are just afraid of poor people. As if there's a direct link between poverty and crime. Images of poverty in North America seem to coincide with notions of incapability and laziness. Like people filling their veins with heroin in some back alley or lying on an ugly couch in front of a searing television set. There would be a grim shadow in both of those pictures, and filth like a full ashtray or darkly stained denim. But most everyone here is poor. Of course I don't even see half of it.

The company tells us what parts of the city we can go to and what stores are safe. We don't need to worry about anything. The people I do see look like they're happy. I don't think they consider themselves poor. I see them laughing with friends at outdoor restaurants along the autopista, playing soccer on a break from work and praying.

Our apartment building has guards as well. In fact, the ubiquitous men in brown uniforms toting .22 calibre pistols and rifles are on most residential street corners. At least in this area of the city. They also sit, 24-hours a day, outside of every bank, shopping complex, office building, restaurant.

In a way, Bogota is forever awake. Someone is always watching.

nt around the globe

photo by Margaret Speirs

Antarctica: the end of the earth

BY MARGARET SPEIRS

The last unexplored continent on Earth, as mysterious as it is remote. To get the feeling of being there, imagine a 32-hour day that involves 22 hours of flying. From Vancouver there is a five hour flight to New York, 10 hours to Buenos Aires and three hours to Ushuaia, located at the edge of Tierra del Fuego. The feeling is of definitely being at the southernmost point of civilization.

Southern-most point - 65 degrees 20 minutes South - 77 kilometres from the Antarctic Circle. The water is filled with loose ice chunks and snow-covered mountains. Deception Island, South Shetland Islands - a volcanic island that erupted three times from 1968 to 1970. The sand is black ash, the mountains are red volcanic rock. On the beach sits an old whaling station from the 1930s. Huge drums that once held whale oil sit rusting on the sand. A climb up to Neptune's window – a low spot between the mountains – provides a view of the length of the island and a breathtaking view of the ocean on the other side. Antarctic Terns – white seagull-like birds – nest on the island in the summer. Some tourists are dive-bombed when they walk too closely to a nesting site in an old boat. Farther down the beach, shovels dig out a warm water wading pool provided by the volcanic nature of the island. Although warm water is never found, eager tourists climb out of their parkas and boots and splash in the cool water anyways.

Half Moon Island - named for its shape. Its rocky beach is home to a broken-down, weathered rowboat and two fur seals. One seal sways from side to side. A few Chinstrap Penguins walk along the beach but most are on the hillside by their nests. Every so often one points its beak straight up, stretches out its wings and squawks causing the others to join in. Farther down the island, several Chinstraps walk to the top of a snowbank and slide down on their stomachs.

An amazing trek to the end of the earth that led to a pristine nature paradise. Who would've thought that there is so many different types of Penguins? Highly recommended for those who enjoy nature and the discovery of some of the most beautiful scenery in the world.

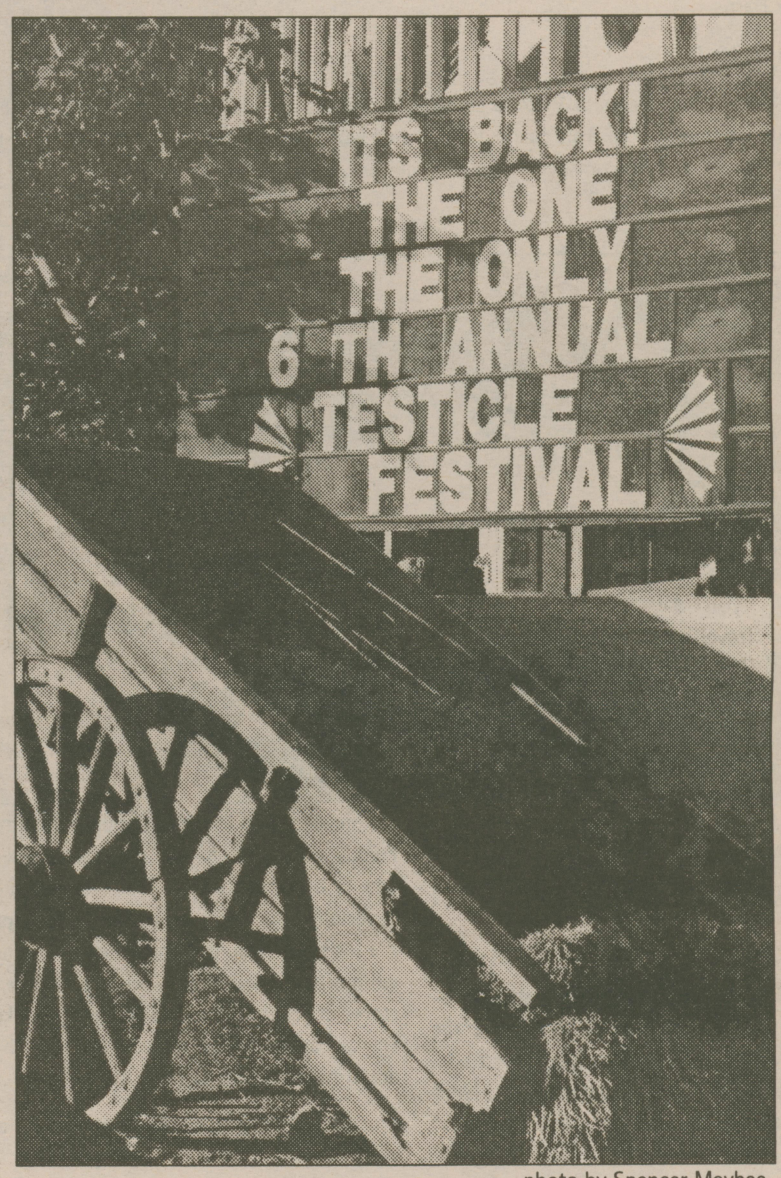


photo by Spencer Maybee

Princess Alberta and the Sundance Circle

BY JILL BOETTGER

Alberta is three women in the kitchen on a Sunday night talking about death. Blue Rodeo plays in the background, dishes get clean and the barbeque sears the last of the June twilight.

Alberta is the sound of space: my voice distilled. It is a Jamboree stage, an open field and a sun slipping behind a mountain range called Yamnuska.

Tonight, a man calls from a ranch in Kananaskis. A lonesome wrangler. He was born in Manitoba, and he wears a Tilley hat. He's got shit on his boots and sun in his eyes. White Stetson be damned. Alberta is one man and 40 horses, a trailerhome and the early morning.

This July will mark the 11th Annual Testicle Festival at a bar and grill on Fourth Street in Calgary. The cooked bull balls are served with Big Rock beer and a side salad.

In my kitchen there is granola, and tofu imported from Salt Spring Island. The glass jar of flax seed on the door of the fridge was grown and ground on a farm in Millerville. The canola oil was pressed in Longview.

Alberta is Sundance Circles in open fields: colourful cloth and broken trees. People from the Stoney reserve build these circles - some dance until they bleed. After the ceremony, the trees are left to return to the earth. Alberta is the broken trees, the worship of the earth, the people of the worship.

Snow in spring. Long grass, crickets and salamanders. Lots of guitars. Music starts in the foothills with a slow drawl. The mountains lift it fiercely to a place with less air and more pulse. Imagine Princess Louise Caroline Alberta, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria and for whom the province was named, dancing in the foothills on a sunny Sunday afternoon. Imagine Princess Alberta branding cattle, hauling hay, tranquilizing bears. People dance to this music here.

Sure, I had an idea about falling in love. One Alberta romance: a flatbed truck, a seamless dirt road, and the wide open sky. But tonight the wind cheats, and the thunder won't give. The truck is in a barn on a ranch somewhere I've never even heard of.

Travel is an exercise in adjustment

BY EMI HAZAMA

I was born in Japan and I like travelling very much. I decided to study English abroad, and I chose Canada.

The first day I met my Canadian host mother, she seemed very kind and she proved to be kind. I thought "I was very lucky," because I had known some international students who complained about their host family.

By the way, when I was growing up even though my mother always told me to put my things in order, I didn't always listen, so if anything I am slovenly. But I was very surprised at the host mother's mess and dirty bathroom. On my first night, I was shocked and I couldn't take a shower. The next day I tried to clean it by myself, so I grabbed a brush and scrubbed. Ten seconds later, I gave up cleaning because I saw many hairs coming from the brush. It was getting dirtier. "I can't stay here any more!" So I asked the homestay company to change my host family. It took three days to find another homestay family. During that time, I pretended I was okay and unfortunately my second day at that house was her birthday. And since she had no family, she invited me to go out for dinner. I felt very bad because she didn't know I was trying to change host family, I decided to treat her at the restaurant. I also didn't want her to spend any money on me. But my treating her made the problem worse – she seemed so excited and asked "When is your birthday? I have to celebrate on your turn."

Anyway, now I am really enjoying my new host family and I hope my previous host mother is fine, too. Some of my friends have changed their homestay families for various reasons – an ex-host mother was vegetarian, too many rules, kids that were too noisy, the house being too far from school, etc.

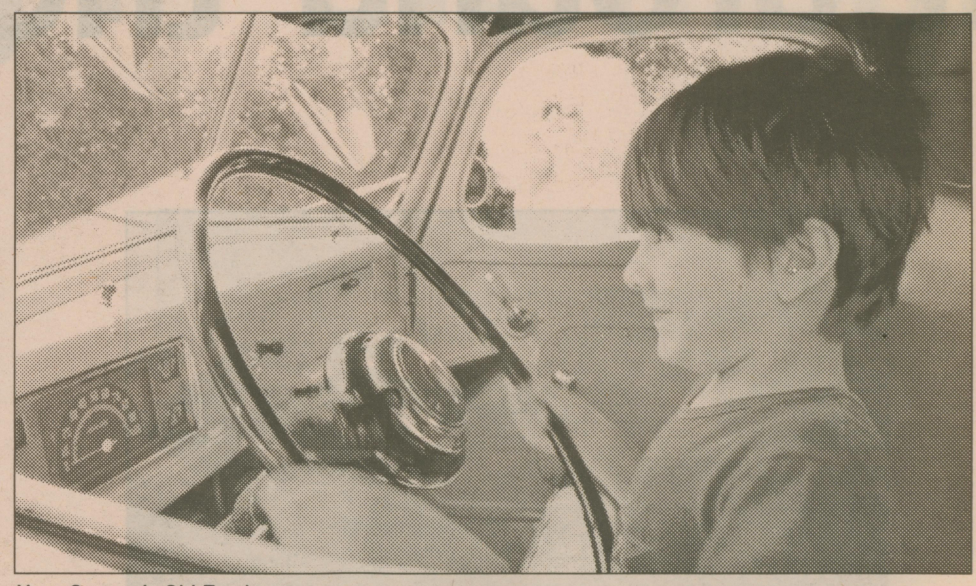
The aesthetic of TRUCKS

The Who's-Yer-Daddy? Hot Wheels Truck
Driver: Alex Harrison

Truck: 1981 Dodge Ram

Alex drives around the streets of Victoria smoking cigarettes and driving his truck. He says he likes trucks. He thinks they're cool. This particular piece of work he calls his labour of love since he just bought it in January and just finished fixing it up himself.

Martlet photo by Gillian Jerome



Your Grampa's Old Truck
Driver: Delaney

Truck: 1947 Ford

Delaney is learning to drive early in this fully-restored 1947 Ford truck at home in his Fernwood backyard.

Martlet photo by Richard Warrington

Freddy the classic Ford pick-up, pictured at a pullout on the way to Tofino

Driver: Meesha Chan, Dave Clements

Truck: 1969 Ford Ranger 150

Freddy is full of personality. The headlights sometimes cut out, but can be restored by slapping the dash. The AM only radio plays when it wants to. The vents leak when it rains and parking lots (with no power steering) are bad for moods but great for muscles. One of the best things about driving Freddy – apart from the sheer size, power and beauty of an old truck – are the looks he gets. Especially with three women cruising around in the cab. Everything from sheer amazement to curiousity, pleasure and respect to the blank stares of reminiscence 'we had a truck like that.' Freddy could never be replaced because they just don't make vehicles like him anymore.

photo by Dave Clements

Dukes of Hazard Uncle Jesse Hillbilly Truck

Driver: Nick Karoway

Truck: 1946 Chevrolet, panel van

Driving along the windy road to Jordan River, we spotted Nick on his front lawn wearing a sombrero. Whether or not he had stories about the five trucks parked on his property, we figured he'd be worth a chat. We hopped out and commented on the hat, at which point Nick offered to go inside and get the larger version for a photograph. Hot damn.

Nick bought his '46 Chevy truck off a bailiff company for $2800. He's taken it apart three times, and painted it four different shades of red, settling on an antiquey ox blood. Nick drives it daily with his Mastiff named Katuna who sits in the passenger seat and waves to oncoming traffic, wearing a sombrero of course.

Martlet photo by Gillian Jerome

Falling in love

BY GILLIAN JEROME

I first fell in love with trucks as a kid. My Uncle Puds used to pick me up from the suburbs of Ottawa in his beat-up '69 Dodge Ram. It was two-tone green after tons of body work, with wide runners to step up on. The spare was racked up on the front grill.

Those hot summer rides along the back roads were my salvation. Puds' truck became my getaway vehicle from a tense household in the suburbs. Even as a kid I let out a great big sigh of relief as we drove far, far away from the cookie-cutter houses, the church basements, the pin-wheel tuna sandwiches.

I'd sit in the passenger seat, with tons of elbow room, sucking on a lime popsicle and flicking my dirty bare feet. For 80 miles heading East on a Friday I got to play dj with a tape deck and a bag full of old country tapes, Willie Nelson, Johnny Cash and Patsy Cline. Some days I'd play nothing at all and Puds would sing some of those same songs with his smokey, bluesy croon.

The sun stared hard through the windshield at my girl body and I'd squinch back, my eyes heavy-lidded from heat and fatigue, the kind of burn-out that hits after a week-long high just thinking about the swing set, the warm creek, the field filled with harmless snakes.

I felt feline those humid Ontario evenings underneath the sun. It got so hot, the vinyl seats stuck to the backs of my legs, and I'd peel them off slowly, one by one, again and again.

Beside me in the driver's seat, Uncle Puds smoked Drum, with one lunch-pail hand hanging lazy out the window, the other wrapped around the steering wheel. Jim Bean, the farm dog, the lovable mutt with the dopey eyes and cut-off tail, sat in the back of the cab with his head cocked right in the eye of the wind, his ears slicked back on his head.

We'd stop for gas, and Puds would let me hold the nozzle and watch the numbers 'til we were 10 bucks full. Then I'd get a paper dollar to splurge on Cherry Chews, Lik'm Aid, Bottle Caps and root-beer licorice.

After a while, the cab floor messy with coffee cups and candy wrappers, I'd lick my teeth finding a thin, gritty layer of dirt that made me smile every time.

When it got cool and the crickets started to bleet in the pitch-black night, I'd lay my head against Uncle Puds' lap and fall asleep to the lull of the motor, or the gumball rush of pebbles sucked up the fenders.

When I think back to how my love affair with pick-ups began, I remember Uncle Puds, Patsy Cline, sunshine, bare feet and a gritty mouth.

Pick-ups are straight up vehicles. The pick-up first belonged to the working class. Rare to see a farmer operate without one. Offer me champgne or beer and I'll choose beer every time.

Besides, you can fit your dog in the cabin or the bed. You can move furniture. Pick a load full of corn and sell it right from the back of the truck. You can move dirt, concrete, machinery.

You can fit a coupla mountain bikes, or dirt bikes. About 12 peacocks. Fifty two basket balls. Twenty seven bales of hay. Seven rambuncous kids from the neighbourhood. It's amazing how beautiful the sound of one loose stone bouncing off the metal in the back.

The pick-up suits me still, years after those lazy summer days, drunk on the ammonia pong of horse manure and good ol' country music.

When the going gets tough, when the city weighs hard, all I wanna do is hop in the ol' green half ton with a salty bag of Spits. Nothing cures it like slipping Patsy Cline into the tape deck, lighting a cigarette and heading for the open road.

"Truck Driver Divorce"

by Frank Zappa

Truck driver divorce!
It's very sad
(Steel guitars
Usually weep all over it)
The bold and intelligent
MASTERS OF THE ROAD
With all their Secret Language,
And their GIANT
OVER-SIZED
MECHANICAL
TRANS-CONTINENTAL
HOBBY-HORSE!

Truck Driver divorce!
It's very sad!
On the wife!
On the kids!
Oh the waitress!
Oh the drive all night!

Sometimes when you get home,
Some ugly lookin' son-of-a-bitch
Is trying to pooch yer
Home-town sweetheart!
Oh, go ride the bull!
Oh, go ride the bull!

Make it go up and down
'N when you fall off,
you can eat the mattress!
Truck Driver Divorce!
It's very sad!
Bust yer ass
To deliver some string beans,
Deliver some string beans
Deliver some string beans
to UTAH!

Special Olympics athletes gather for UVic track and field qualifier

BY PAUL SASO

Athletes, coaches and volunteers from all over Vancouver Island will meet at the UVic Centennial Stadium June 17 to stage the Special Olympics track and field qualifier. The meet will determine who will go on to compete in the Provincial championships.

The competition, which hosts athletes who are developmentally delayed, will include shot put, high jump, long jump and running races ranging from 50m to 3,000m.

Dixon McGowan, 26, of Victoria will be competing in various events ranging from the 400m run to shot put.

McGowan, who has been involved with the Special Olympics for three years, says it has improved his physical health, and allowed him to meet a lot of new friends. "The best part is being part of a team, that's really fun," says McGowan.

"It [the Special Olympics] gives the athletes something to look forward to," says Carmen Furtado, a caregiver for two of the Special Olympics athletes. "It gives them a sense of pride."

The athletes are friendly and helpful but they are also extremely competitive. "They are out there to win," says Lois Chamberlin, a volunteer coach.

The volunteer component of the Special Olympics is essential to the program, says Furtado. "The volunteers have an incredible amount of patience and are really dedicated to helping people."

Lois Chamberlin, who is organizing the June 17 meet, started volunteering as a coach for the Special Olympics 11 years ago when a friend asked her to get involved.

Chamberlin now works with five other coaches to train 40 athletes in the Victoria area. "I really enjoy [the coaching] and the athletes," says Chamberlin.

Coaching people who are developmentally delayed requires a lot of patience but it is extremely rewarding when you see the athletes progressing, says Chamberlin, "that's why I've stayed."

The Special Olympics began in the US in 1968 when Dr. Frank Hayden's own research inspired him to make sports more accessible to people with developmental delays.

Special Olympics' participant Dixon McGowan happily anticipates the joys of competition and comraderie. Events will be held on June 17.

Martlet photo by Richard Warrington

His research demonstrated "that people with developmental delays could become physically fit and acquire the physical skills required to participate in sport."

Harry "Red" Foster, with Dr. Frank Hayden, initiated the Canadian program in 1969 with a competition in Toronto.

Throughout the last 30 years the Canadian Special Olympics has grown a great deal. The organization now employs 60 people, has over 6,000 volunteers and involves more than 20,000 athletes across Canada.

The Special Olympics' annual budget of six million dollars comes from individual donors, foundations, corporations and government sports programs.

For more information call the head office at (416) 927-9050 or check out the web site at www.cso.on.ca.

Female feet of fury entertain for an evening

BY MARK REDGWELL

Sitting in a hooting, hollering crowd watching two chicks trying to kick the snot out of each other is not the sort of assignment I have grown to expect from *the Martlet*.

No, I was not flown on an all-expenses-paid trip to Chicago to see Jerry Springer. I was sent to the Victoria Curling Club for night of "Extreme Kickboxing."

Female kickboxing is a relatively new phenomenon. Stan Peterec said when he was 15-years-old there was only one woman at the gym where he trained. Peterec owns Peterec's Martial Arts Centre here in Victoria. Now 65 per cent of his students are women.

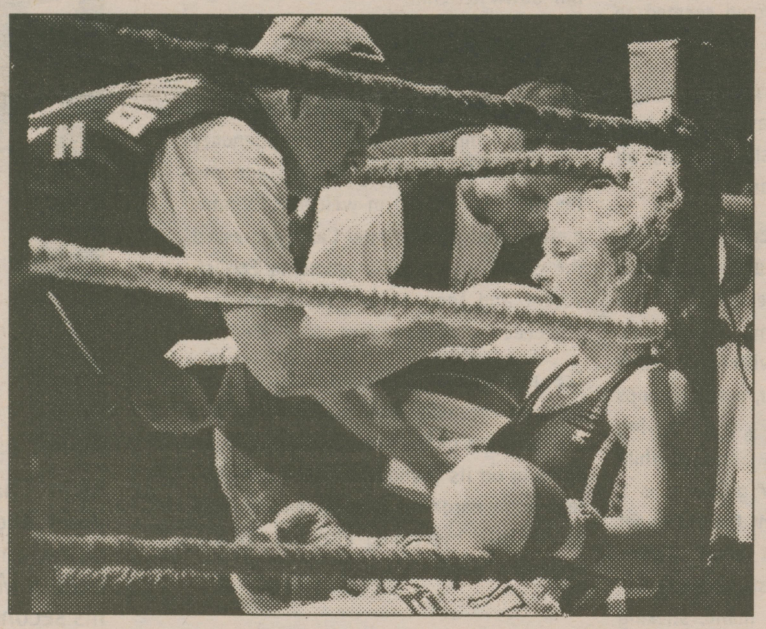
This is no surprise to Peterec. "Kids and women are the victims [of violence]. Every woman I have talked to about why they first took up martial arts has said 'self-defense.'" When asked "why kickboxing," female kickboxer Misti Hurst says fitness, fun, aggression, in addition to self-defense.

Although this was her public fight, Hurst started martial arts training five years ago. Peterec, her martial arts instructor, told Hurst she has been ready for the ring for some time now, but she held off for academic reasons.

"You don't want to waste your time at university by getting your head kicked in," she said. Fortunately for Saturday night's fight fans, Hurst graduated from UVic's School of Child & Youth Care last April. Although she wants her black belt, Hurst is uncertain as to whether she will fight again. "I wanted to get it out of the way because I like to try everything once."

Leanne McLim from Pride Gym Thaiboxing in Trail, BC offers an unusual reason for taking up kickboxing: "I want to be a stuntwoman."

McLim is a self-described "girly girl." I have to agree. Weighing in at 121 lbs, her fine boned features, easy smile, and curly blond hair pulled into pigtails for the fight screams "cute girl," not "lethal weapon." But while her martial arts mix of kickboxing and Muay Thai (Thai kickboxing) gets my blood pumping, it is anything but cute.



Leanne McLim rests between rounds of blood-pumping kickboxing at "Extreme Kickboxing" at the Victoria Curling Club.

Martlet photo by Mark Redgwell

Peterec notes that women seem to have greater endurance and tolerance for pain than men. "They do the same sort of workout as most guys, and then do cardio on top of that."

McLim's training routine certainly reflects this. Three to four times a week, McLim spends two hours kicking and punching pads and bags in the morning and ninety minutes of sparring in the afternoon.

This is on top of her daily one-hour cardio workout and teaching Jazz dance in the evening. McLim's response to my ill-concealed amazement was a laughing, "Ah, the things you have to do for art."

Peterec finds women's kickboxing is different than men's. Men have greater strength and tend to rely too heavily on that strength in the ring.

"Women use their heads more and they listen better," said Peterec. "With a guy, he'll ignore you and think 'nah, nah, I'll just hit him harder.' Stupid people don't last long in the ring."

This difference in strength translates into better use of technique. The ring doesn't seem to be the only place men and women differ.

"Women seem a lot more happy to hit the pads [in training] then men are," said Peterec. "Women are told they shouldn't be violent or aggressive and some women have a lot of anger in them. Kicking the pads seems to be a great release for that anger."

The respect Peterec has for women fighters is clear. He said most people underestimate how hard it is to step into the ring.

"I've seen the biggest men break down before a fight crying or puking. Winner or loser, anyone who walks up those three steps has my respect." I have to agree.

UVic women rowers head to England for Henley Royal Regatta

BY ANGIE SMASHNUK

On June 14, 11 UVic women rowers prepared to make history as they headed to England for a chance to compete in the Henley Royal Regatta. Although open to women's competition for three years, this year marks the first time the world-class competition is open to university-level teams.

"This is an opportunity for the girls to get a feel for international level competition," says coach Rick Crawley. "When a team travels overseas they are a step up from what they face in Canada."

According to Crawley, the Royal Henley has about fifteen men's events and one event for women. "It's British and they have a lot of tradition," he says. "Plus, they can only race two boats at a time so it's hard to fit more women's events in."

The Vikes row June 16 to 18 in the Women's Henley. Time trials for the Royal Henley are on June 23. The top eight finishers continue to the automatic elimination process July 1 and 2.

Crawley says he does not know who all the entrants are for the Henley Royal, but he knows Washington State University and Virginia will be at the Women's Henley. "Washington defeated the Vikes this past fall," Crawley says. "But we are sending a different team to England.

"The girls have been training hard for the past two months; usually two times a day, three hours at a time," he says. "Whatever happens we are just going to do our best."

He says the team stands a good chance to place in the top eight because of other regattas. "There is an international regatta in Amsterdam on the same weekend, and two weeks later the Olympic qualifier is in Lucerne, so national teams will probably want to focus on that."

Whoever the competition, the Vikes have strong rowing times, and the past three years as CIAU champions proves it. "Canada's national eight team can finish 2000 metres in under 6:10, while the Vikes hover at 6:20," Crawley says.

"This is a once in a lifetime opportunity for all of us," says rowing team president Karen Clark. "Everyone is looking forward to rowing in a different place and doing some sight-seeing."

Before heading to England the team stops in London, Ontario for the non-Olympic World Trials. These races give athletes a chance to qualify for National Team funding that enables full-time training.

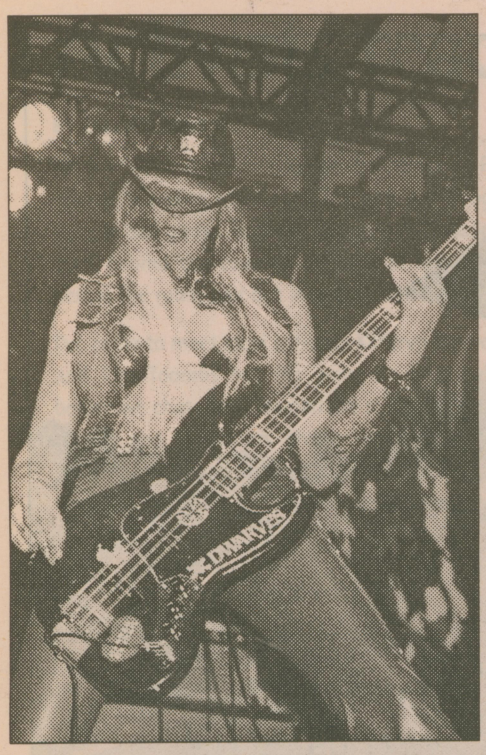
After coaching 18 years for the Vikes, Crawley maintains the same passion for the sport. "There's nothing like seeing a perfect stroke in the water, or being part of the camaraderie in an eight person team."

"This sport stays with you for life. You are always making new friends and keeping in touch."

Crawley's coaching has proven successful. Two former UVic rowers, Kristen-Wall and Buffy Williams, are now on the Canadian Olympic rowing team.

Motorhead and Nashville Pussy - A rocker's paradise

BY ADAM HARRISON



Nashville Pussy bassist, Corey Parks, playing to a beer garden-charged mosh-pit full of fans.

Martlet photo by Adam Harrison

I've always liked heavy metal. As a kid, growing up in a small logging town in the interior of BC, I had no choice. Heavy metal was the only thing to listen to. Sure I could have listened to The Cure and The Smiths and had the crap kicked out of me on a daily basis, or I could bang my head along with the masses of metal fandom.

As it turned out, I actually listened to metal not to conform but because I genuinely liked the music. My friends and I regarded Metallica and Black Sabbath as gods.

Something about a crushing Suicidal Tendencies guitar riff or a searing Anthrax melody spoke to the adolescent male in me. The music became an outlet of my aggressions and the lyrics captured how I felt.

But metal was a passing phase. Since graduating from high school I've barely listened to metal. I guess I grew out of it or something. It no longer thrilled me like it used to. But when I heard that uber-metal-lords Motorhead were going to play at the Central (the old curling rink) with Nashville Pussy, I knew it was a show not to be missed.

I was surprised at how many metalheads had survived the 80s. Headbangers with long hair and leather jackets filled the beer garden alongside huge, half-naked skinheads and punks with patch-covered denim jackets. Big tattoos and nose rings were as common as motorcycle boots and Motorhead 'everything louder than everything else' shirts. The hops and barley brew flowed freely and the crowd seemed to have a good buzz going.

Opening act, Fu Manchu, played a fuzzed out set while everyone stayed in the beer garden. Next up was Nashville Pussy, all the way from Atlanta, Georgia.

They'd played Victoria once before at The Limit and I'd heard they put on a raunchy show. They're like a trailer-trash Hustler porn-world version of Lynyrd Skynyrd on acid. The guitarist/singer with his receding hairline, long straggly hair, mutton chops and beer belly, looks like a truck-driving dead-beat dad off of Jerry Springer while his wife Ryder, the other guitarist, is a cougar from hell. She spent the entire set jumping around in tight black leather pants and a leopard-print string bikini top, shaking her blonde curly mane, sticking her tongue out at the crowd and performing fellatio on her fingers. But the most impressive thing about Nashville Pussy was their 6'3" bombshell of a bass player. This towering blonde goddess, covered in tattoos, wore tight red leather pants, a string bikini top and Rob Zombie-type cowboy hat. She was an awe-inspiring sight to behold, especially when she breathed fire over the crowd. Everyone seemed to dig Nashville Pussy's southern rocker sound, the mosh pit was alive and well and people had left the beer gardens to approach the stage. But when the set ended I was a bit disappointed.

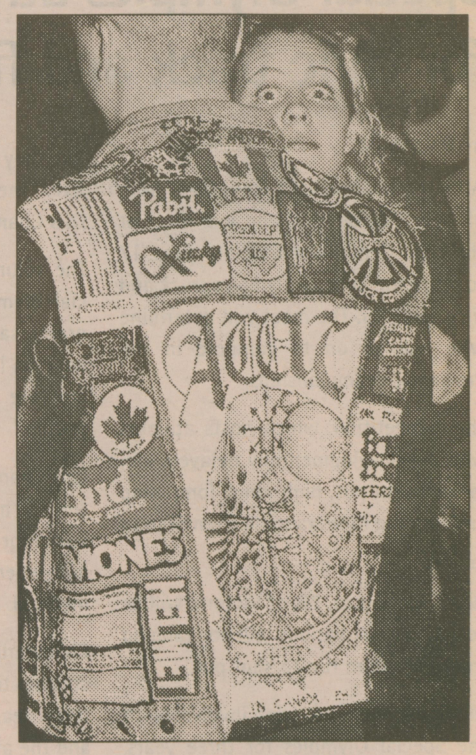
Gillian Jerome, 26, Troy Wall, 27 Motorhead fan since "Ace of Spades."

Martlet photo by Adam Harrison

Nashville Pussy wasn't as bawdy as I thought they'd be, but they still put on an enjoyable and energetic show. And you can't help but like a band with lyrics like, "I came home, found my wife with a smile on her face, a dick in each hand, guilt runnin' down her chin."

There was a lengthy wait while Motorhead's roadies set up. The crowd was getting impatient and started chanting, "Lemmy, Lemmy." Eventually the legendary Motorhead front man took the stage and the audience roared in welcome. Lemmy, metal's version of Johnny Cash, addressed the crowd in his polite-sounding English accent and then he and his bandmates proceeded to raise the roof off the Central.

The punks and skinheads battled each other in the maelstrom of the mosh pit, the basslines of the apocalypse shook the building on its foundation and I got blisters on my eardrums. Motorhead's set was louder than everything else but no one seemed to mind.



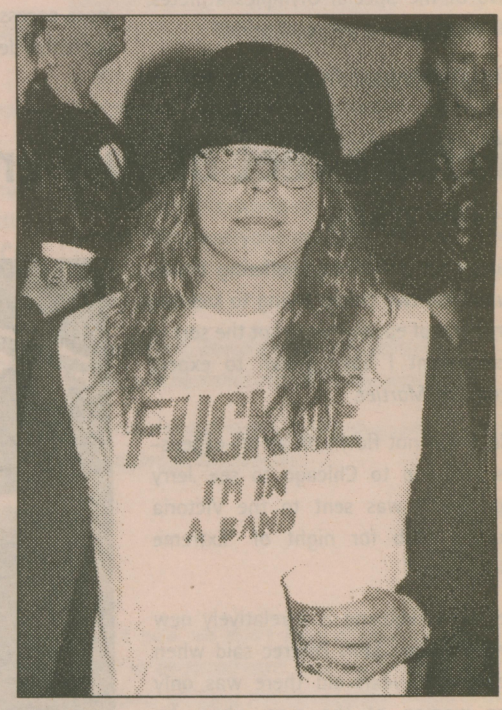
Jason Brown 30, Denise Clarke, 23

J is a bartender at the Limit and drummer for the Boner Dogs. Denise came to see the girls in Nashville Pussy.

Martlet photo by Adam Harrison

Pussy lead guitarist, Ruyter Suys, showing her sassy stuff at the Central.

Martlet photo by Adam Harrison



Ryan Chakol, 37, says he's a Nashville Pussy and Motorhead fan. "I came for the pussy and the unisex elements." Ryan's been a Motorhead fan since '78. This was his second show.

Martlet photo by Adam Harrison

"I came home, found my wife with a smile on her face, a dick in each hand, guilt runnin' down her chin." - Nashville Pussy

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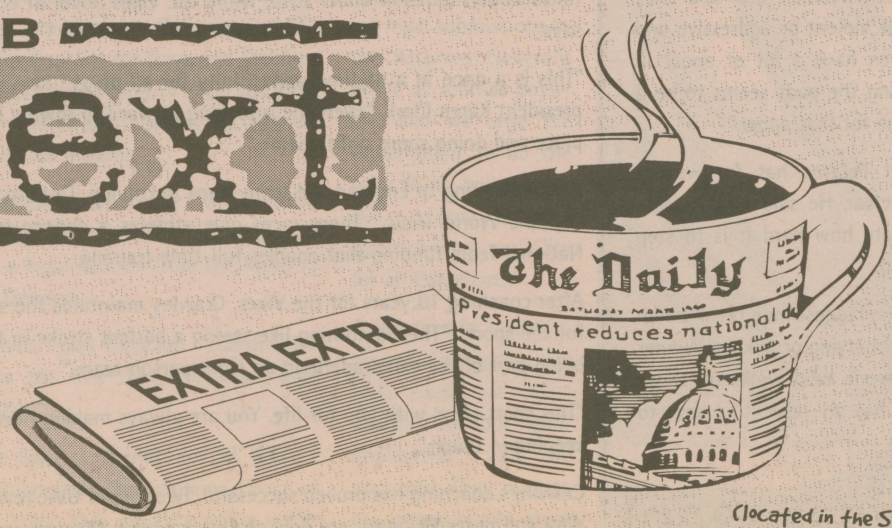

(located in the SUB)

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Impressive comedic season finale for Langham Court Theatre

BY COLIN PLANT

I just laughed and laughed. I really hate that cliché. But in the case of the Victoria Theatre Guild's production of *Noises Off!* it is precisely what happened to me.

Featuring a marvelously inventive metatheatrical script and some well-executed staging, the Guild's season finale is guaranteed to supply any live audience member with an evening of frothy entertainment. This production concluded Langham Court's "Masterpieces for the Millennium" season that featured plays by such luminaries as Brecht, Pinter, Coward, Simon and Arthur Miller.

Penned by English playwright Michael Frayn in 1982, *Noises Off!* tells the tale (or drama) of a troupe of actors putting on a sex farce titled *Nothing On.* Act One shows a rehearsal of the play, the second a view from backstage during a performance, and the third act is a performance of the play in which anything that can go wrong, does.

While those who've never participated in a production will certainly miss a lot of the theatre humour, those who have experienced the wonderful chaos of putting on a play will enjoy watching the pandemonium of the second act.

Director Laura K. Burke in her Langham Court Theatre directorial debut has managed to stage all the comic zaniness with vigour and fluidity.

The second act, which requires precision timing and sharpness in order to keep up the notion that there is a performance occurring, was particularly successful. Indeed, it was ironic and somewhat disappointing that the scene change between the second and third acts was the least-polished component of the production on last Thursday night's opening performance.

The cast is uniformly strong. Langham Court veterans such as Jim Boardman and Eric Holmgren were typically impressive, but it was pleasant to see several new faces tread the boards of Western Canada's oldest community theatre. (Ottawa's Little Theatre is the oldest in Canada by two years). Newcomers Naomi Simpson, Carrie-Ann Fleming and current UVic theatre students Jay Bennett and Adrienne Nye all displayed a level of ability that was appreciated. Local media celebrity Steve Ivings, Charles Forget and Colleen Sullivan Mares complete the cast.

All of the actors were successful in dealing with the difficulty of creating both onstage and offstage characters. Indeed, this production was undoubtedly one of the more professional productions the Guild has produced in recent memory.

Set and lighting designer Chris Oliver (another UVic alumni) deserves credit for successfully creating the multi-location set. His lighting was appropriately unnoticeable, and Sabinne Orlik's costumes were also effective.

The play, as literature, is memorable for its various usage of styles within the play. The first act comes across as a relatively normal comedy, while the second is farcical, and the third is Stooge-esque slapstick.

If you're looking for a fun and funny way to spend one of our wet June evenings, get down to the Rockland area theatre to catch this comedy before it sells out.

UVic students can get 2-for-1 tickets by booking 24 hours in advance.

Noises Off! runs from June 8-24. For tickets call 384-2142.

Eric Holmgren and Carrie-Ann Fleming enticing the audience with their comedic antics in *Noises Off!* at Langham Court Theatre.

Photo contributed

Lou Reed aurally assaults a willing audience with stark confessions

BY ASIF KHAN

Nearly eight years ago I saw Lou Reed perform at the Orpheum Theatre in support of his album *Magic and Loss.* His performance was a mixture of thoughtful playing and melancholy subject matter that underscores the album's themes of coming to terms with the death of some of his close friends.

His show at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre on June 3 similarly explored the theme from his new album *Ecstasy*: the theme of relationships that break up, leading to sorrow and anger. However, musically, this show was in sharp contrast to the mellow atmosphere of his last show here. Reed synthesized his starkly confessional lyrics with a barbed visceral aural assault riddled with deafening feedback leading to a cathartic release. That said, Lou Reed put on a masterful live set that is a testament to his more than 30 years as a songwriter and musician.

His band, guitarist Mike Rathke, bassist Fernando Saunders and drummer Tony Smith, contributed more than just backing support. They each contributed solos that took Reed's compositions into uncharted territory. By reworking many of his songs into improvisational extended jams, Reed allowed himself and his band to develop the song beyond the exact form of the studio recordings.

Reed synthesized his starkly confessional lyrics with a barbed visceral aural assault riddled with deafening feedback leading to a cathartic release.

He largely ignored his early solo work and Velvet Underground material to concentrate on his new album as the core emphasis of the show. His confidence in his new material confirms that he intends to be taken seriously as a vibrant artist, rather than an anachronistic classic rock dinosaur that former greats like the Rolling Stones and The Who are content to be. (To prove this, The Who's new tour is titled: The Greatest Hits Tour.)

Reed's beginning rave-up, "Paranoia in the Key of E" established the mood with an extremely loud base riff that thundered throughout the auditorium, followed by the "rock and roll animal's" trademark deadpan vocal and flourishing guitar riffs.

The show stopper was definitely "The Rock Minuet," a song off his new LP that fuses a waltz-like musical pattern with a feedback background that develops into a synchronized solo with Reed on feedback and Fernando Saunders on the electric violin. Lyrically, the song describes relationships that lead to sadomasochistic violence, which Reed conveys in a chilling documentary-style narrative that is impossible to shake.

Before taking a break, he finally addressed the audience by asking, with a mischievous smile, "how did you like that?" The crowd responded with a loud cheer that approved the strength of his new material. As an encore, he threw a bone to the Velvet Underground die-hards with a loud, grinding medley of "Sweet Jane" and "White Light/White Heat."

Before his walk off the stage, Lou Reed gave a farewell kiss to the crowd, both as a gesture of his thanks and as a sign of a commitment to continue to be the vital rock artist that he is. Truly, this relationship between the artist and the audience is going to last.

Exhibit offers the chance to run away with the circus this summer

BY DAVE CROTHALL

Have you ever wanted to run away and join the circus?

There you could watch trapeze artists practise, you could dress up as a clown, you could mingle with P.T. Barnum, Annie Oakley, or "The Great Farini."

You would experience life on the road. There would be the jugglers and the clowns, the freaks and the animals, the stunts and the scandals.

The Royal British Columbia Museum and the University of Victoria theatre department are working together to create such an experience starting this fall at the Museum.

The exhibit, known as Circus Magicus, will be an interactive circus exhibit that will fill the audience's senses, said program producer Janet McDonald. "We want to add that kind of life to it."

There will be a costume room where guests can dress up, role-playing actors who will mingle with guests, trapeze artists practising in the Museum foyer and three short plays which will be acted out.

UVic theatre prof John Crich is writing, directing and producing the three plays, known as playlets.

The playlets, which have been designed by UVic Theatre students, will focus on backyard life in the circus, the sideshow and the building and moving of a circus, said Crich.

The role-playing actors, who will roam around the Museum, will be in the guise of P.T. Barnum, Annie Oakley and the Canadian high-wire walker William Hunt, also known as "The Great Farini."

"'The Great Farini' grew up walking tight ropes between the house and the barn," said Crich, who studies and enjoys the circus as a hobby.

"He walked out across Niagara Canyon on a high-wire, did his laundry, and hung it out to dry."

In addition to the exhibit, playlets, and interactive portions of Circus Magicus, the IMAX will be showing *Journey of Man*, a production featuring the Cirque du Soleil.

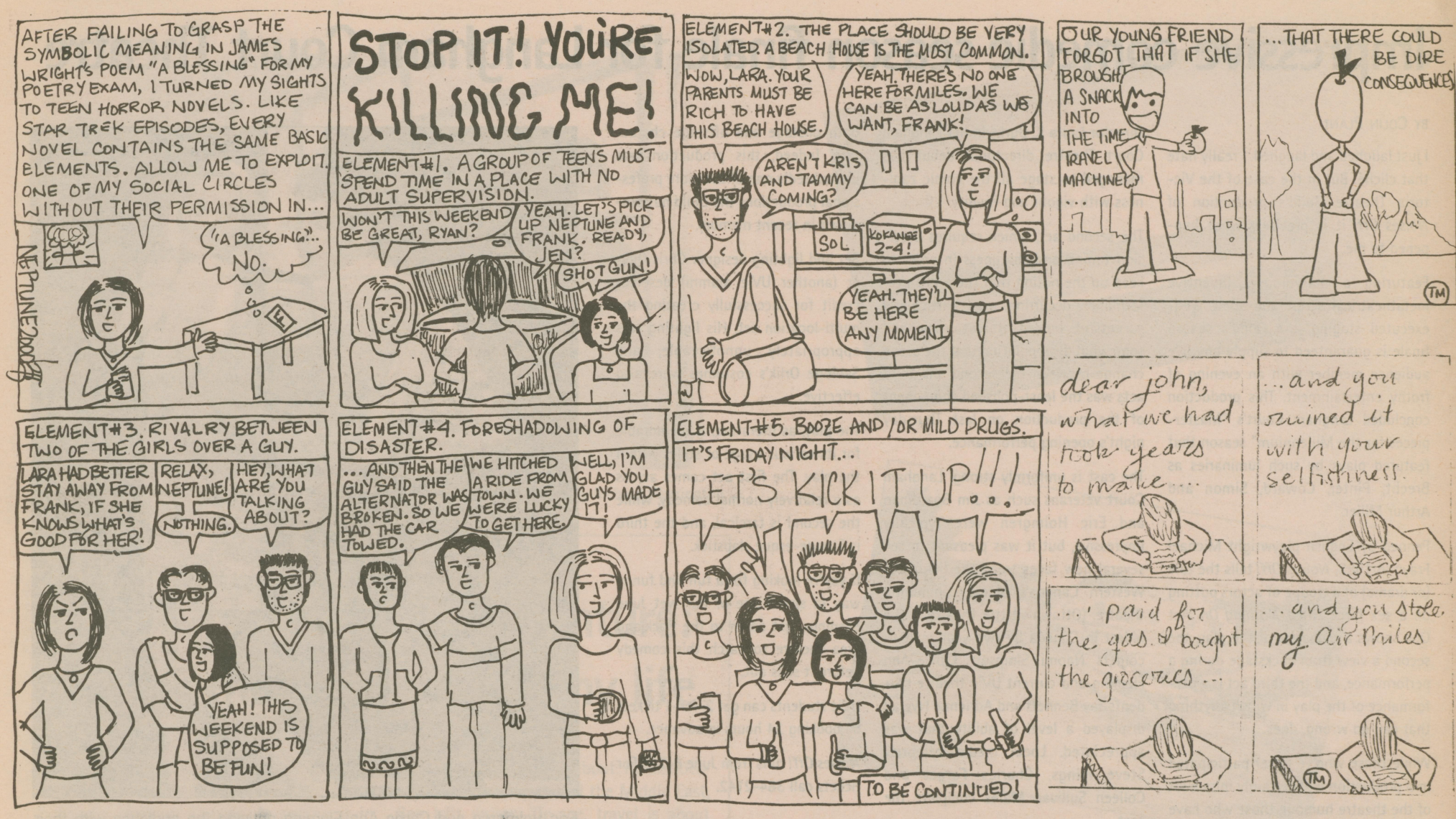
Circus Magicus, which will run from Oct. 5, 2000 to Mar. 4, 2001, is now reaching the final stages of its preparation and will be calling on the talents of Victoria as actors for the exhibit, said McDonald.

Calls for auditions are already going out to recruit performers in mid-July.

Even though students are welcome to audition for the acting positions, Crich says that because the job will be full-time from fall until spring, many students will be unable to apply because of their studies.

Once the exhibit is finished in Victoria it will move south to the US, continuing its circus life on the road.

like to go to shows... listen to crazy and unusual music... want to share your impressions with the campus community... like to take photos and meet performers... get free tickets to shows that you cover... then contact the martlet (721-8360) and we'll set you up.


AFTER FAILING TO GRASP THE SYMBOLIC MEANING IN JAMES WRIGHT'S POEM "A BLESSING" FOR MY POETRY EXAM, I TURNED MY SIGHTS TO TEEN HORROR NOVELS. LIKE STAR TREK EPISODES, EVERY NOVEL CONTAINS THE SAME BASIC ELEMENTS. ALLOW ME TO EXPLOIT ONE OF MY SOCIAL CIRCLES WITHOUT THEIR PERMISSION IN...
NEPTUNE2000
"A BLESSING"... NO.
STOP IT! YOU'RE KILLING ME!
ELEMENT#1. A GROUP OF TEENS MUST SPEND TIME IN A PLACE WITH NO ADULT SUPERVISION.
WON'T THIS WEEKEND BE GREAT, RYAN?
YEAH. LET'S PICK UP NEPTUNE AND FRANK. READY, JEN?
SHOTGUN!
ELEMENT#2. THE PLACE SHOULD BE VERY ISOLATED. A BEACH HOUSE IS THE MOST COMMON.
WOW, LARA. YOUR PARENTS MUST BE RICH TO HAVE THIS BEACH HOUSE.
YEAH. THERE'S NO ONE HERE FOR MILES. WE CAN BE AS LOUD AS WE WANT, FRANK!
AREN'T KRIS AND TAMMY COMING?
SOL
KOKANEE 2-4!
YEAH. THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MOMENT.
OUR YOUNG FRIEND FORGOT THAT IF SHE BROUGHT A SNACK INTO THE TIME TRAVEL MACHINE...
...THAT THERE COULD BE DIRE CONSEQUENCES
TM
ELEMENT#3. RIVALRY BETWEEN TWO OF THE GIRLS OVER A GUY.
LARA HADBETTER STAY AWAY FROM FRANK, IF SHE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HER!
RELAX, NEPTUNE!
NOTHING.
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
YEAH! THIS WEEKEND IS SUPPOSED TO BE FUN!
ELEMENT#4. FORESHADOWING OF DISASTER.
...AND THEN THE GUY SAID THE ALTERNATOR WAS BROKEN. SO WE HAD THE CAR TOWED.
WE HITCHED A RIDE FROM TOWN. WE WERE LUCKY TO GET HERE.
WELL, I'M GLAD YOU GUYS MADE IT!
ELEMENT#5. BOOZE AND/OR MILD DRUGS.
IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT...
LET'S KICK IT UP!!!
TO BE CONTINUED!
dear john, what we had took years to make....
...and you ruined it with your selfishness.
...I paid for the gas & bought the groceries...
...and you stole my air miles
TM

on campus

The McPherson Library Gallery present Altar Doors: An installation by Richard Motchman from June 6 to 29. The installation consists of a room of many doors, one side representing Renaissance art and values, the other contrasting 20th century icons.

Your bicycle deserves to be safe and dry. Rent a UVic bike locker now. Students pay $16, faculty/staff pay $20 until the end of August. Plus key deposit .

off campus

Open Space is presenting Aaly Trio whose ferociously energized improvisational music will work well with fellow cutting edge reed player Ken Vandermark on June 23. Broken Record Chamber who have been described as an urban/environmental, signal-to-noise DIY improv-ambient adventure kit perform June 26. Both shows start at 8 p.m. Tickets are $14.

DJ Spooky will be at Neptune Soundbar Monday, May 26th. w/ 2000 Van Isle DMC winner DJ Verse.

The Victoria Jazz Society is getting ready to host the 16th annual JazzFest International. The festival runs from June 23 to July 2. Performers include Holly Cole, Rickie Lee Jones, Jonny Lang, Ottmar Liebert and his band Luna Negra, to name a few. Tickets are available at HMV Music, A&B Sound (Jazz Department), Tourism Victoria info centre, Royal and McPherson Box offices at 388-4423.

Join the Rag Rug Community Project at the Moss Street Market. Learn a folk craft and recycle old clothes into a community rug. Days for hooking are June 17, July 8, Aug. 19, Sept. 9 and Oct. 14. Call Martha at 598-7286 or drop by the market for more details. Check out the huge variety of vendors, vegetables, crafts, delicious foods and special event days. The next one is the Moss Street Paint-In, Saturday, July 15. The markets, located at Sir James Douglas School (Thurlow and Moss), starts at 10 a.m. and runs until 2 p.m. every Saturday throughout the summer.

James Bay Market. This popular food and craft market returns 9 a.m.- 3 p.m. every Saturday through the summer at the corner of Menzies and Superior (there's cake!). 388-3138.

The new Mosaic Gallery is hosting an exhibit featuring up-and-coming local artists. Located at 1059 Fort Street. Call 388-9930 for more info.

The Government Street Market is up and running for another exciting season. Drop by to check out the various crafts, clothing, collectors, music, the atmosphere and fantastic functional gift ideas. This street market is located between Fisgard and Pandora streets and runs Sundays and Holidays from 11 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.

announcements

Victoria School of Writing, July 18 - 21, 2000. Don't miss this unique opportunity to engage in these exciting and intense four-day creative writing workshops. This year's line-up: Anne Fleming (fiction), Patrick Lane (fiction), Joan McLeod (playwriting), Susan Mayse (works-in-progress), Mark Zuehlke (non-fiction), Jody Paterson (media writing), Marlene Cookshaw (poetry), and Don McKay (poetry). Space is limited, so hurry up and register. Limited scholarship funding is available. For more info phone 595-3000, check out their fabulous website at www.Islandnet.com/VicWrite or email vicwrite@islandnet.com.

Come get your money! Before you take off for parts unknown, come request your cheque at SUBtext for consignment sales! We only hold last year's money until August 31 so come on in!

Did You Know? Subtext sells phone cards that are the best deal in town! Calling internationally? how about France, 3.59¢/min? Japan 4.5¢, Mexico 8.9¢, U.K 1.9¢.- connection fee applies. Get your phone card today!

Leaving town? Too much stuff? The Canadian Diabetes Association will pick up clothes at your place for free! Call 380-3024. It's for a great cause!

name change

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Director of Vital Statistics for a change of name, pursuant to the provisions of the Name Act by me: Noah Benjamin Adam Farnsworth of 1311 Franklin Terrace, Victoria, B.C., to Noah Benjamin Adam Farnsworth Treacher, dated June 12, 2000.

volunteers

Interested in being involved with Victoria's writing community? Are you a writer seeking involvement with those sharing your enthusiasm for the pen? Computer keyboard/screen? World of the word? The Victoria School of Writing understands your literary needs. It also depends on people just like you! We rely on the contributions of volunteers for the school's success. If you find yourself with some spare time this summer, come on out and help. Call Jessica Weirmier at 477-7817 for information.

Forming social group for young adults with learning disabilities. Are you, or do you know of, a young adult who might be interested? Call Judy or Liz for more information 474-1230.

hey you!

Wilamena - happy belated birthday my puddle jumping warrior. May your next year be filled with many puddles and challenges and joy. You were missed.